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ALL STORIES BY HOBEX PARMUTH : D.QQJAX : RILES P. SEDGEWICK : BIG TOE : STAN BUCKMAN & SHELLY FAIRMONT

SIX GENERAL OF DEEP RIVER





TO THE READER:

*A sincere letter from the
Amazing... Samuel Weissmann*

DEAREST FRIEND, The book you are about to enter is comprised of a series of drawings by Mister Qojak and a short story authored by the worldly scholar Hobek Parmuth (RIP).

BEFORE the untimely death of Mister Parmuth, a member of his family approached me with the opportunity to procure a portfolio of the young man's writings for a small fee (of several thousand dollars). What was included in these (ends were some seventy thousand pages of hand-written letters to various friends and associates - presumably written during Mister Parmuth's two year stay in a correctional facility somewhere in the midwest.

UPON receiving the portfolio, I consulted many experts in the field of prison psychology & with the help of the Parmuth Estate and the craftsmanship of many fine bookmakers - it was decided that a series of zines would be published to document the short but tumultuous career of one of the most mysterious, vacuous writers of our time.

IT SHOULD BE NOTED that everything written within these sheets of papers is fiction. Untrue. A myth. A Sham. A Farce. These stories, while graphic and seemingly full of fact and firm-fam, are merely the daydreams of an incarcerated jimmy-jam.

THIS first volume, sized perfectly to fit in the breast pocket of any respectable gentleman, is only the premier issue in a series that will chronicle the entire stay of a three year jail sentence.

FOURTHERMORE, this zine was produced entirely within the offices of Qojak Enterprises, the contents herein thus copyrighted ©2007 by Darius Qojak, Hobek Parmuth & (in part by) Samuel Weissmann www.Qojak.com. Please feel free to visit this website and browse the various curiosities offered within.

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OF PURCHASABLE CHEMISTS.**

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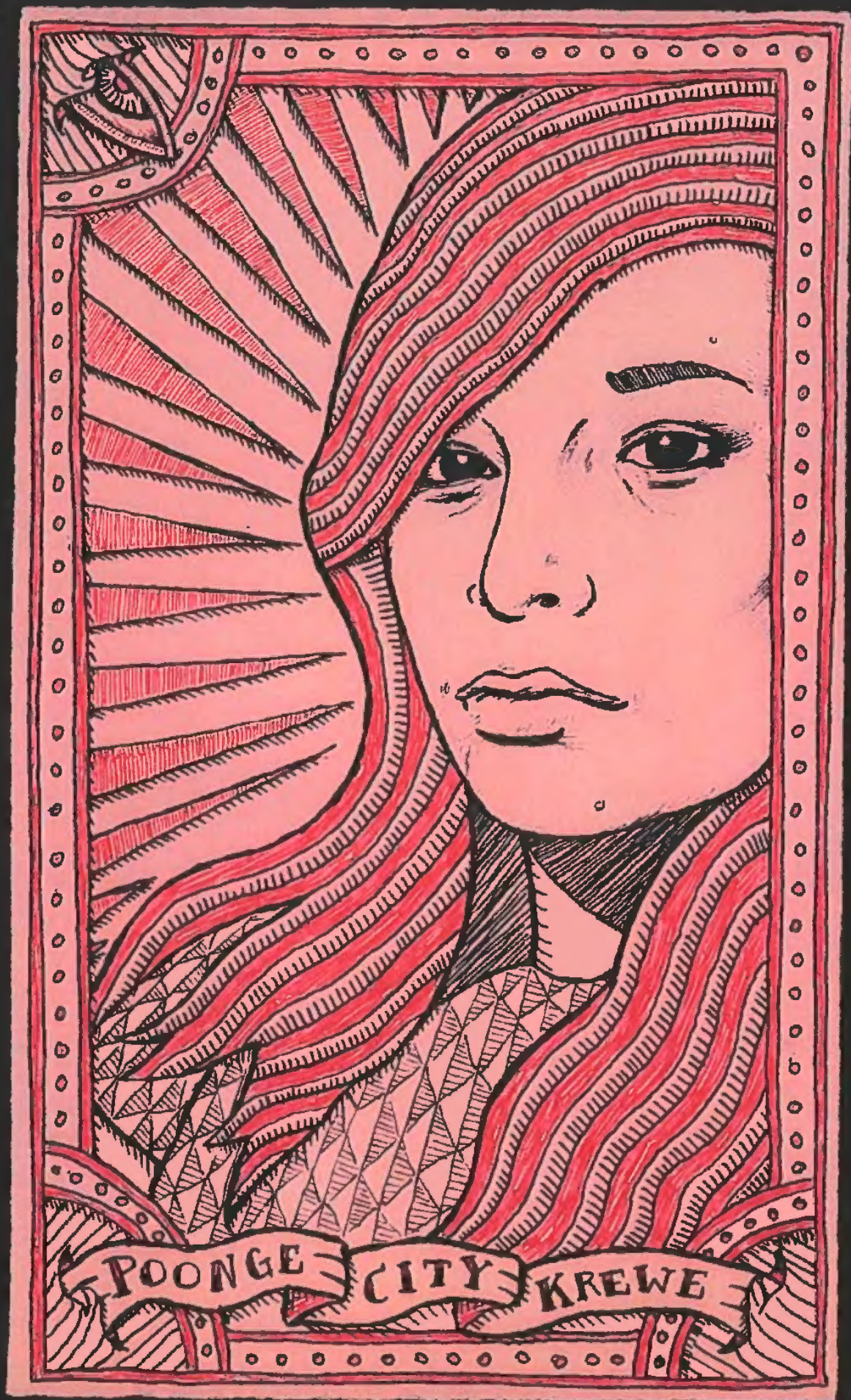
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SEVEN GENERALS OF DEEP RIVER

AS TOLD BY HOBEK PARMUTH
TRANSCRIBED BY REES P. SEEGERWELZ
DESIGNED BY D. QOIAK
BASED ON THE SHORT STORY
"WHEN I COULD RUN THROUGH
WALLS" BY HERMANO HALLET
EDITED BY FRANKLYN ATKINSON,
LEGAL REPRESENTATION
HOFFMAN & WEISMAN LOW, (CL 1967)

*Assembled from letters and journal entries
collected from Hobek Parmuth (c. November)*

I WAS DOING TATTOOS at the time. I'd just quit working at a tattoo shop because I'd had a spiritual and mental breakdown in the middle of a very detailed and colorful tramp stamp on the lower back of a mother of three. she was wearing the tightest pants I'd ever seen (pushing pounds of rolls into a compact and jiggling mass of flesh over her belt) and an aged thong that looked like a relic from the civil war. i ran my needle through a stretchmark and she jumped, pumping out a fart (or a queef) directly into my face.

AS I WAS BREATHING in the aroma of one thousand bad sores, i felt the hand of buddha reach down from the heavens (or from some interdimensional portal) and punch me square in the nose. without a word, i packed up my shit and left the shop. there was little protest, the air was calm, and as the the mother of 3's fart was cleared from my nostrils - i was left with only the faint smell of lotus blossoms.

BUT ANYWAYS, MAN.

THIS WAS A LONG time ago, not long enough that it's ancient history - but long enough that the people i talk about in the story are no longer themselves, or rather, as they were at the time that i met them. changed by time and money and woes and booze and fights and car wrecks and animal attacks and drug busts and std's and mental break and child birth and stubbed toes

and prison and victories and defeats.

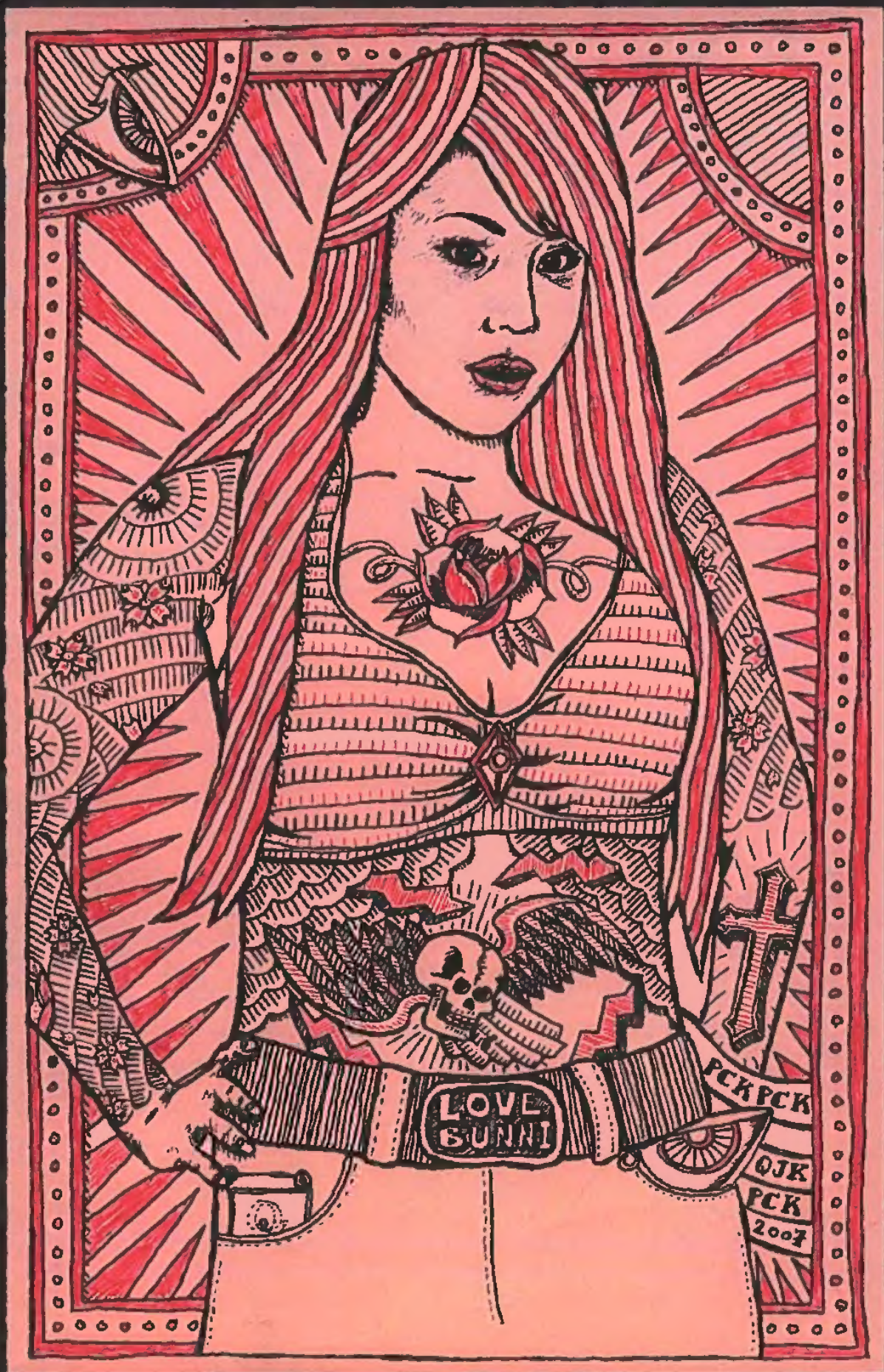
I'M GOING TO TELL you about the first time that i got stabbed. by a knife. not a big knife, not a particularly small knife. just your average pocket knife. and i'm not telling you this story because it carries any significant amount of importance, the only reason i bring it up is because... well, it relates to the second time that i got stabbed. that time was by a big knife. or... a rather large knife. and the second stabbing isn't really all that interesting either, but it does directly relate to the first time that i broke my hand.

BREAKING MY HAND was probably the worst thing that could have happened to me at that time because... well, i was making a lot of money off that hand. i'm a leftie, see? and i draw with my left hand. tattoos. tattoo flash. i make posters and prints and paintings and... shit to sell to people who seem to want that kind of stuff. but.. i'm getting ahead of myself.

WORD WAS OUT that i was doing these tattoos, see? for \$100 i'd put a tattoo on you - just about any size. a half sleeve was running \$250. a name... \$20. maybe \$30, depending on how long the name was or where it was going or how bad they smelled. lots of factors involved in coming up with a price for a tattoo - but mostly it was how bad i was hustling for money or simply the first number that popped in my head.

THIS LEAD TO A LOT of disagreements. mostly, "hey... how come he got his tattoo for this much when i paid this much?" and shit of that nature. people who will bitch about twenty bucks are the most dangerous kind - because they're likely to pull a knife or make a move. and i don't like to fight.

1987
THE COLLECTED MONT-SPEAK OF HOBEK PARMUTH
PRODUCED & CHAMPIONED BY SAMUEL WEISMAN
PRINTED BY THE DYNAMITE SHIENT PRINT HOUSE.
MADE AVAILABLE IN THE AMERICAS BY E.F. HOAGLAND
1987



ANYHOW... around this time, word also got around that i was doing some tattoos with porcupine quills. i did this... mostly on my cousins and close friends - a bit of a novelty. they'd bring some beer over and i'd turn on some jams and we'd get to work. it wasn't the greatest looking tattooing i'd ever done, but like i said.... it was a novelty. and so the word got around and soon people were coming asking for the porcupine quill tattoos.

THIS IS HOW i got to know the girl. she was a bead dealer out of south dakota and about once a month - she'd lay a couple bags of porcupine needles on me for a reasonable price. i'd meet her through a friend of a friend and well, i did a tattoo on her and one thing led to another. she was my first girlfriend after i got out of jail. it was only an eighty day stretch, but when i got out - something didn't feel right about the world. but... that's not what this story is about.

CHIYO WAS HALF korean, half sioux and she could really put back the beer. she made a decent living selling her beads and putting together beadwork pieces for people all over the country. i once watched her bead up a leather handbag in two nites for a cool \$500. she was skilled and pretty and didn't mind the drinking - so i ran off to the dakotas for a couple months.

BUT ANYWAYS, MAN.

IT WAS morning, very early and i had only slept for two hours. the light was dull and there was lightening coming from the southwest. the room would light up - as bright as if the lights were on and the clouds would boom and bash. chiyo kept saying, i thought somebody was taking pictures of us when we were fucking. i said, god was taking pictures of us. chiyo had a good smile. lots of teeth. and her eyes squinted up nice and tight when

she smiled. i could make her smile every now and again, but she always complained that i was dull. i'd shrug and keep smoking or drinking or reading or drawing or driving or whatever i was doing at the time. nothing i can do about that, i guess.

IT WAS THE NIGHT before, we'd been drinking and certain things had finally come up. out of her mouth. "so... what is it we're doing exactly?" and i knew what she was getting at and i didn't know the answer and i didn't want to think about it. why complicate things? that good smile and those good eyes.

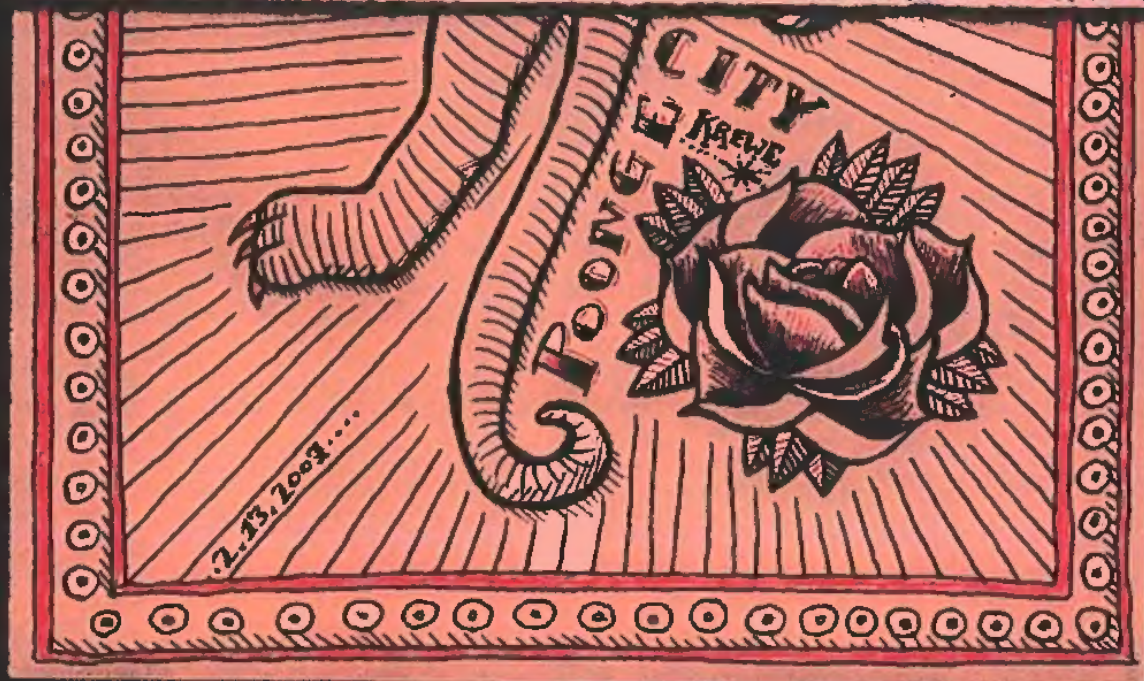
SHE WENT ON, "are we just fucking? or is this something we shouldn't be talking about right now?" we were on the porch. the crickets were chirping - loud as wolves, the summer months coming to and end. i looked up at her and she was drunk. i was drunk. we were drunk. the night was drunk on humid air and the dogs were drunk on stale, spitty water and anybody who couldn't hang was passed out and i was ready to pass out too.

"I DON'T KNOW. do you want a boyfriend?" i asked. she looked off down the road somewhere and smiled and chewed on her lip and shifted her weight on her feet. "yeah... that would be nice," she said. it was some kind of cute moment for people younger than ourselves. twenty seven years. i've seen that many. her... about the same and having some kind of cute moment. romance.

I HAD A NICE swig of my beer and felt the cool liquid ride down, down, down & i listened to those junebugs screaming a shitty song. chiyo might be in love, but chiyo is always drunk and chiyo has a kid she doesn't take care of and chiyo doesn't have a job and chiyo likes fight and chiyo doesn't read. that good

THE COLLECTED MIND-SPEAK OF HOOK FAIRBANKS
PRODUCED & CHAMPIONED BY SAMUEL WEISMANN
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MADE AVAILABLE IN THE AMERICAS BY S.F. MAGNOLIA

2007







SAMUEL WEISMANN PRESENTS

MYSTICAL TATTOO FLASH

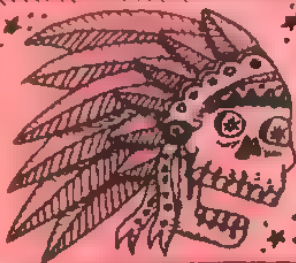
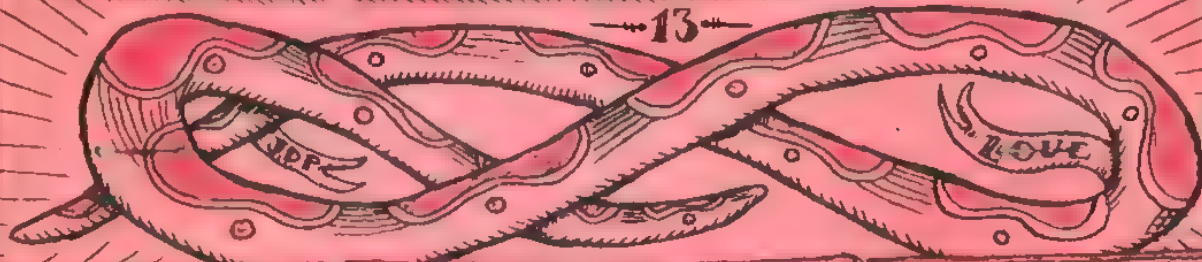
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13



POONGE
CITY
HOLK

smile and those good eyes. she stabbed one of her boyfriends once. she'd been in jail a couple of times. she'd been to a psych ward twice. once for the stabbing incident. she told me, "be used to hit me. i let him get away with it twice, but then i had to cut him. i guess, anyway... i don't really remember. i was drunk."

WHAT AM I DOING in south dakota, i thought. i should be in the mountains of peru. or meditating with shaolin monks in a cave somewhere. i should be drinking wine in paris or eating rats in a back alley in brazil. what am i doing in south dakota?

LONELY, I THOUGHT, my real girl was living over in deep river at that time. trisha. beautiful. a goddess. thin and tall with long brown hair and eyes that could make a dog bite an infant in the face. i'd only slept with her a couple of times, but it was always incredible. it was always good to be moving with her. her breath in my ear. half chippewa. half white. but she was crazy too. they all seemed to be going crazy and i was too, but fighting my hardest to stay out of trouble.

THE LAST THING trisha had said to me on the phone was, "are you going to hang out with that chiyo cunt? you're done with me, aren't you? you don't need me any more. well... fuck you, faggot!"

I LOVED trisha. but that's how things go sometimes.

BUT ANYWAYS, MAN.

CHIYO SAT DOWN next to me and grabbed my pack of cigarettes. "can i light one?" go ahead. she lit one up and took a couple of drags, passed it on to me. i was watching a tree move in the wind and i could feel her eyes on the side of my face. "now i'm smoking," she said.

"**YOU'RE GIVING ME** bad habits." i handed her the smoke and she put it to her lips. she was turning on me. slowly. i could feel it coming on and i watched her from the corners of my eyes.

DRUNKS CAN BE UNPREDICTABLE. BUT THAT'S HOW THINGS GO SOMETIMES.

"**AND I DRINK** all the time," she went on. "i wasn't like this until you started coming around." yeah... she was turning on me and i could feel it all; the night, the wine, the songs... all going sour & so i took a drink of my beer. "you make me drink, you know that? you make me depressed. you're fucking dull and you come here... and, and... you drink your fucking beer. coors light... fucking coors light. and... you fuck me. you fuck my body, you don't fuck me. you fuck my body and you fill our house with your drunk stink and i let you... you know why?"

THAT'S HOW things go sometimes. i could feel the cold coming on and i had some fear coming from somewhere. i tried to shake it off. i had to shake it off. i began to think that if i was truly an enlightened man... truly in control of my surroundings and at peace with the earth, i could diffuse this situation. i could get her calm and collected again. get this tension out of the air. get her in the bed and like she said... fuck her body. fill her house with my drunk stink. be at peace with the world. but i was also curious... to see were chiyo wanted to take this. i wanted to see her lose her mind. i wanted to be a part of some magic & terrible moment. "why?" i asked.

"**YOU DONT** know why, hobek? you don't know why i let you drink at my house? you don't know why i let you sleep with me?" chiyo spit and it caught on her lip... a bit of spittle hanging from her chin and glinting in the street light. "i let you fuck me

1687

THE COLLECTED MIND-SPEAK OF HOEK PARADISE
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1687



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GIVE UP



"CONFESS & DIE WITH DIGNITY."

POONGE CITY CHIEF STEEL

UZI.

I can't get my guns. The owner of the shop threw down with some lil girl in a club & went missing - five days now. On the lam. I'm tempted to go down there, bust a window & grab my shot.

FUCK IT...

I'll catch a stun instead.

Peace Outside.

QOJAK

ANGEL
OF
DEATH

QOJAK '06



Rock
2007

because i love you, hobek! i love you and you come here and use me! and then you go to deep river and see that bitch... that i know isn't your friend! i'm not fucking dumb, hobek, you're the dumb one if you think i don't know... and you go to deep river and do you know what i do when you go to see her, hobek?"

IT WAS FULL ON now. she was swinging her beer around and getting loud. she was inches from my face and i tried to stay cool, looking at that tree sway and choking back some fear. i guess it was time for this, it had all been building up. waiting to spew out at some moment like this... with the junebugs singing loud and the trees rock, rock, rocking back and forth. i could hear a train far off, moving, moving, moving along. i could smell the beer on chiyo's lips.

"...what?" i asked.

"I SIT IN MY ROOM and i fucking cry. i sit in my room and drink and cry over your sorry fucking, pathetic, dull, boring fucking ass! and then my brothers come and ask me what's wrong. and they know it's you, hobek. they know you're fucking me over and they want to kick your fucking pussy ass. but i tell them 'no, no... don't do it, i love him,' and i save your fucking pussy ass every time because you know what, hobek? you know what? my brothers fucking love me... my brothers fucking love me and you just come here to get me drunk and fuck me for my whole house to hear because you're sick, hobek, you're fucking sick!"

THAT'S HOW THINGS GO SOMETIMES.

SHE WAS BREATHING hard, panting, glaring at the side of my face and stinking of 100 nights of beer and sadness. i moved a little and realized that, i too, was drunk. i turned to look at her and

she was somebody else. it would have been terrifying, but i was somebody else too. it was a different night and a different place. the crickets were quiet and the trees were still. i could hear a dog barking down the road and a car cruising somewhere off to the east. the wind picked up and danced across the yard, splashing across my face and making me think of beautiful and harmonious things.

I PUNCHED chiyo in the face and she fell to the porch. she moaned a little, but remained peaceful. it was easier than i had thought it would be.

I SAT BACK DOWN AND HAD A DRINK OF MY BEER.

I KNEW THAT when chiyo woke up, things would be different. there would be an understanding between us. i smoked my cigarette and listened to the train far off, going somewhere east with something for somebody.

THAT'S HOW THINGS GO SOMETIMES.

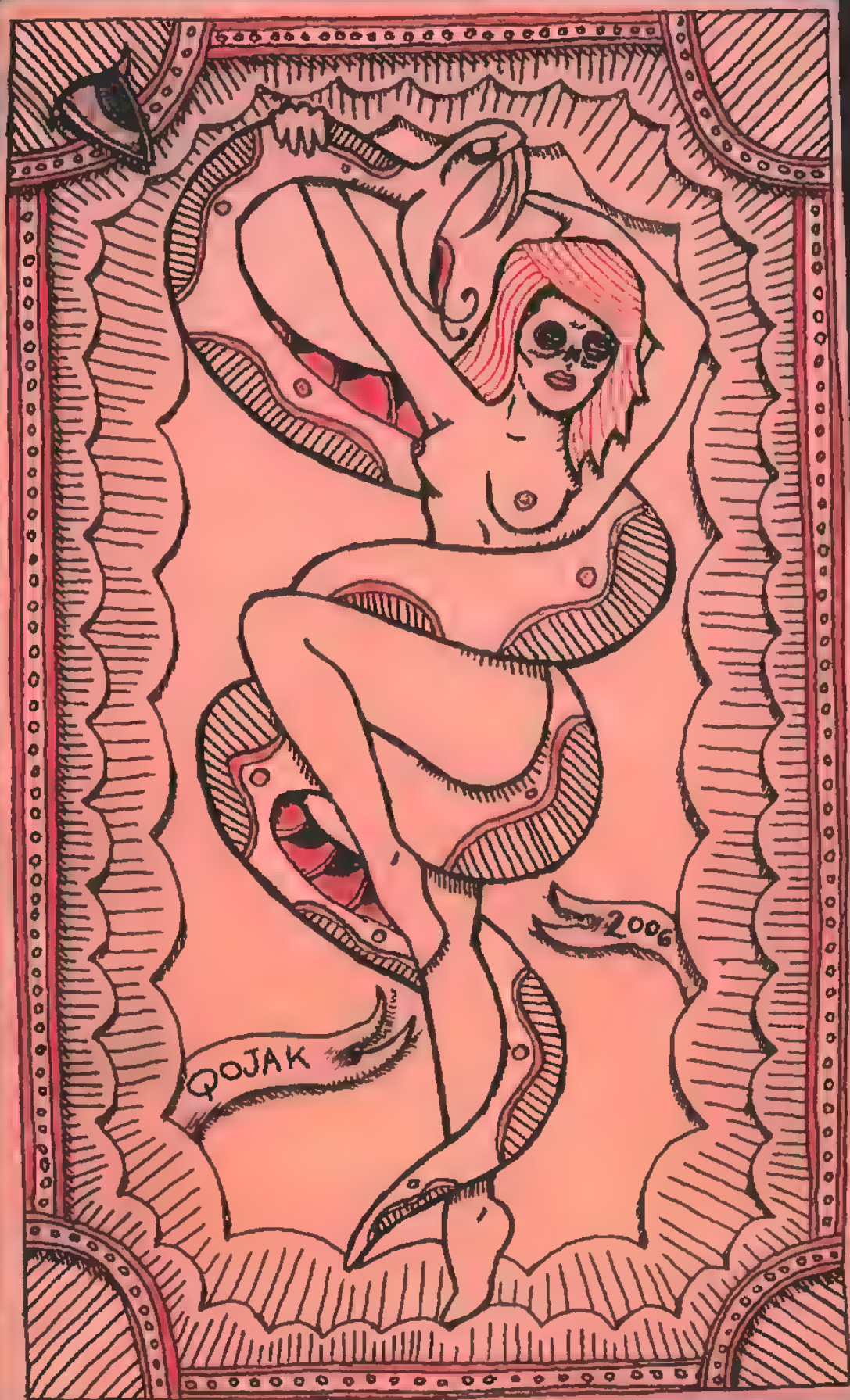
I TRIED TO SPIT out in the grass, but some of it landed on my shoes.

THE DOOR OPENED and her brother came screaming off the porch. the hero. it was in slow motion... the door slamming open, a strong and deliberate step over his sister, his face distorted with anger and the moment seemed so right. her brother, the hero in some story, coming after me, the bully in some other story, that shining blade in his hand.

WHEN IT HIT ME, all i could feel was heat. i was thinking, "this isn't so bad," and the knife was in me. in my arm.

THE HERO had come to save the day, to stab the villain and the moment was almost perfect - but

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it didn't last long as all. it was more a reflex than anything else, i heaved my body forward, down, down and head-butted him square in the face. he hit the ground, much like his sister, calm and peaceful and serene. i thought i heard his nose crack and i felt terrible, the hero is never supposed to lose.

CHIYO WAS WAKING UP and i decided to make my move. going back to jail didn't seem like a reasonable option, so i grabbed what was left of my twelve pack and started to head down the road. after a few minutes - i began to hear angry voices back at the house - so i cut thru the woods.

GETTING STABBED IS ONE THING, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO GET SHOT.

I COULDN'T FEEL any pain in my arm... a bit of wetness was spreading... rolling down towards my hand i kept walking, somewhere, away. drinking another beer every couple of minutes to keep the night beautiful.

I WOKE UP in a tree the next morning. i'd walked thru the woods all night trying to avoid the light, avoid the yards, avoid the cars, avoid the people, avoid the dogs, avoid anything that might have crossed my path with ill will or a dishonest heart.

A PACK OF DOGS had chased me at some point during the night and i had to ditch what was left of my beer. i climbed up a pine tree to escape the attack and that's where i made my bed for the evening. the dogs didn't bother me once i was no longer making any noise.

WITH THE DAWN came the dew and i woke up feeling moist and greasy, unready for the day. bloodshot eyes. parched mouth. i was thankful that i hadn't

passed my pants in my sleep. i hiked my way to the road to find a way back to town. the surroundings were unfamiliar and i'd left my car back at chiyo's place. i guessed by now that my tires had been slashed and my windows broken - so i gave it up for dead.

I FELT THE WOUND on my arm and it was next to nothing. only a little dried blood. the puncture seemed to have closed itself pretty good during the night. as i felt through my pockets for money or keys or a cell phone, a car pulled up and bonked. "hey, mister parmuth, do you want a ride to the office?"

THE MAN in the car looked like somebody i might have known, but i wasn't quite sure. i hopped in and asked for a cigarette, which the man provided. he was dressed like a casino security guard and smelled of strong cologne, something cheap and stinking. my hangover was coming on and the cologne was making my stomach turn.

"WHAT YOU DOIN' walkin' out here so early in the morning? stayin' in shape?"

I NODDED and lit my cigarette with the dashboard lighter we pulled into town and there were only a few cars on the road. a truck was gassing up at the station. a beat up caprice rolled by with a few drunks in the back. "here you be," he said and dropped me off somewhere near the downtown of a place i didn't recognize.

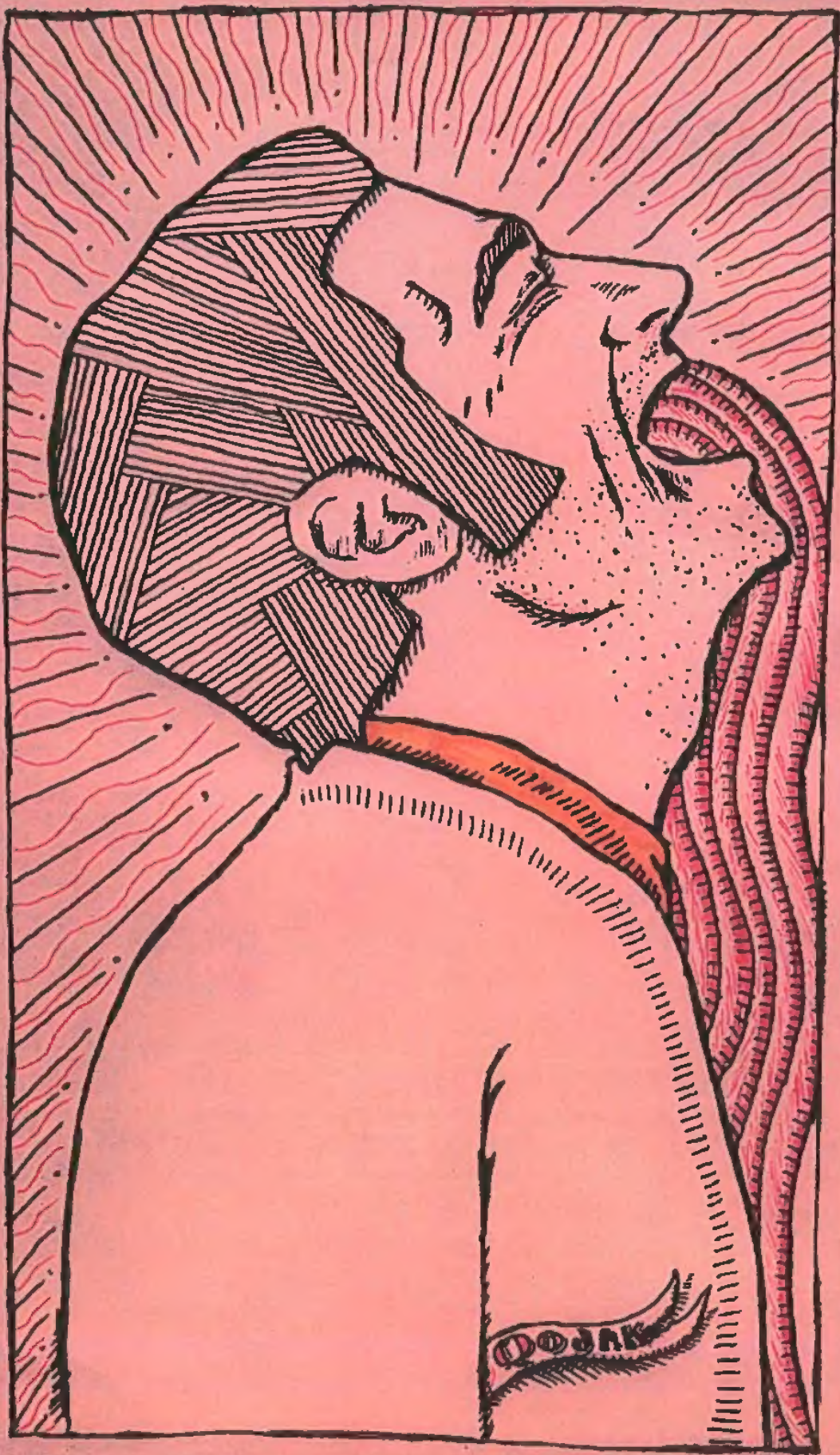
THAT'S HOW THINGS GO SOMETIMES.

i walked up to the corner building and read the sign on the door. Detective Hobek Parmuth. i walked in and the receptionist smiled and said, "you have some messages, mister parmuth. would you like them now or after your coffee?"

1687
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—2007—



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ROBERT PARRUTH is dead

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month of March, meaning Rev.
Piché was left hanging for many
months while Mister Qojak
battled booze, fights with women
and a rather hot summer Throat.



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